

## NEW YORK HERALD

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT,  
PROPRIETOR.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—On and after January 1, 1875, the daily and weekly editions of the New York Herald will be sent free of postage.

THE DAILY HERALD, published every day in the year. Four cents per copy. Annual subscription price \$12.

All business or news letters and telegraphic despatches must be addressed New York Herald.

Rejected communications will not be returned.

Letters and packages should be properly sealed.

LONDON OFFICE OF THE NEW YORK HERALD—NO. 46 FLEET STREET.

PARIS OFFICE—NO. 3 RUE SCRIBE.

Subscriptions and advertisements will be received and forwarded on the same terms as in New York.

VOLUME XL—1875—NO. 134

## AMUSEMENTS TO-NIGHT.

LYCEUM THEATRE.  
Broadway, near Sixth Avenue.—RENATA DI FRANCA, at 8 P. M. Nine o'clock.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.  
Broadway, corner of Twenty-ninth street.—NEGRO MINSTRELS, at 8 P. M.; closes at 10 P. M.

TIVOLI THEATRE.  
Fourth street, between Second and Third avenues.—VARIETY, at 8 P. M.; closes at 12 P. M.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.  
Broadway.—ROAD TO ROME, at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:30 P. M. Misses Jefferys and Lewis.

BOWERY OPERA HOUSE.  
No. 20 Bowery.—VARIETY, at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:45 P. M.

WOOD'S MUSEUM.  
Broadway, corner of Third street.—ON HAND, at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:30 P. M. Notice at 2 P. M.

THEATRE COMIQUE.  
No. 24 Broadway.—VARIETY, at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:45 P. M.

GERMAN THEATRE.  
Fourth street.—FALSCHER BIEDERMANN, at 8 P. M.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.  
West Fourth street, between 10th and 11th Sts. at 3 P. M.

BROOKLYN PARK THEATRE.  
Park avenue.—VARIETY, at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:45 P. M.

OLYMPIA THEATRE.  
No. 24 Broadway.—VARIETY, at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:45 P. M.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.  
Twenty-ninth street, between 5th and 6th Aves.—THE BIG BOAT, at 8 P. M.; closes at 10:30 P. M. Mr. Fisher, Mr. Lewis, Miss Davidson, Mrs. Gilbert.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.  
No. 35 Broadway.—FEMALE BATHERS, at 8 P. M.

ROBINSON HALL.  
West Sixteenth street.—THE QUIET FAMILY, at 8 P. M.

BOTH'S THEATRE.  
Corner of Twenty-third street and Sixth Avenue.—AMY BARNES, at 8 P. M.; closes at 11 P. M. Notice at 2 P. M.

## TRIPLE SHEET.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, MAY 4, 1875.

From our reports this morning the probabilities are that the weather to-day will be cool and cloudy, possibly with rain.

WALL STREET YESTERDAY.—Stocks were dull and generally lower. Gold declined to 115. Money on call was abundant at 2½ to 3 per cent, and foreign exchange firm.

SHERIFF CONNER is still in charge of Ludlow Street Jail and its appointments, the Legislature having refused to deprive him of such a Big Bonanza.

A SERIOUS MUTINY is reported to have occurred on an American schooner during a voyage from New Orleans to London. The two mates were killed and two sailors wounded.

THE NEW TUNNEL of the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad through Bergen Hill seems to have a hard time. It has already caused the death of a full fledged workman and now there is a small fledged strike in progress.

GOVERNOR TILDEN is guilting many of the bills of the Legislature lately placed before him without mercy. Two bills introduced by "Old Salt" Alvoil have shared the fate of several others, and the veteran statesman is indignant in consequence.

MASKED BALLS.—The bill repealing the absurd old-fashioned law prohibiting masked balls in this State has been reported favorably in the Legislature from the committee to whose care it was intrusted. It is time that such ridiculous laws were removed from our statute book.

THE CARLISTS.—If the Spanish government can do no better with the Carlists than it has accomplished in Cuba the sooner it retires from the scene the better. The adherents of Don Carlos report great victories for their cause in Barcelona and Aragon. At home and abroad the Spanish government appears to be singularly unsuccessful.

CONGRESSMAN WILLES writes to the HERALD to say that he will leave the selection of the candidate for admission to the Military Academy at West Point from the Eleventh district in the hands of a competent committee and the choice will be made by competitive examination. This plan has already been adopted in a number of instances in this city, and we shall look with interest for the result of the contest.

STREET CLEANING in New York has been so long a matter of theory alone that it must surprise many people to learn that the Police Commissioners have a bill before the Legislature asking permission for them to sublet their contract. Considering that they do not trouble themselves in the slightest degree about the filthy condition of our streets such an arrangement would seem superfluous.

THE INDIAN AGENCIES.—The reports of Colonel Hatch and General Pope to the War Department, elsewhere published, show bad management at the Fort Sill and Washita agencies. General Pope's warning, that if the starving Indians commit depredations the military will not consent to be held responsible, should arouse the government to the fact that its warlike are being abominably swindled. We cannot expect peace if we break faith with the Indian tribes.

## The Duty of the Legislature—Rapid Transit.

We do not think that we exaggerate in the least the importance of the subject when we say that the adjournment of the present Legislature without the adoption of a measure of rapid transit satisfactory to the community would be a calamity. We think it was Earl Russell who said that it took about seven years for any necessary measure to pass Parliament. Seven years were necessary to inform the people, to educate the members up to the duty of appreciating the importance of the question, to win the attention of members, to overcome the necessary obstacles in the way of legislation, to carry the measure through the two houses of Parliament. We may say the same in reference to the passage of bills in our own Legislatures—State and national. It is one of the phenomena of free government that Legislatures are a long time making up their minds. When we thoroughly believe in a measure—and as a general thing we have always some favorite scheme in which we do believe—these lets and stops and hindrances fret us. Nobody is more impatient than a person who has an idea, who sees a certain star in the far depths of the heavens and marvels that it is not seen by all eyes. After all, this is perhaps for the best. Debate is to satisfy many minds, to find the truth and make it manifest. When any Legislature reaches a conclusion it is morally certain to be the wisest expression of the thought of the generation.

We do not know how many years we have been doing this. A dozen Legislatures have certainly met and adjourned since the project of a steam railway between the Battery and Harlem was broached. When the Tweed party was in power Mr. Sweeney had conceived a dazzling scheme that was to benefit the city. Bill after bill was introduced. Some passed, to perish in swaddling clothes. Some were vetoed. Others passed one branch to die in another. Some were mock bills in the interests of the street railways, granting charters to persons who never meant to use them. There was a charter, we believe, granted to Mr. Vanderbilt, and it was thought that perhaps in remembrance of the county which paid for half of the Fourth Avenue improvement he would build us a steam road to the Battery. But nothing has come of this charter, although the Commodore may change his mind and conclude to carry out its provisions. Then we had an ostentatious proffer of shares in a new elevated road, which was to be built without delay. The people were publicly summoned to go to Wall street and buy the shares of the new company. But the advertisements were suddenly withdrawn, the project passed into silence and we hear nothing more of it. Every year had its rapid transit measures its new scheme or series of schemes—underground, elevated, arcade, surface. All this time some influence was potent enough to destroy them all. Sometimes it was politics; sometimes the opposition of large property owners on Broadway; sometimes it was money. We are far from saying that every vote against rapid transit in the Legislature was purchased, but we question if any sincerely honest vote was ever cast against it. All this time the measure has been growing, because every day of our city's life is an argument in its favor. Every citizen who has business below Union square, every poor man who is compelled to labor within our city limits and live in the tenement sections, is an apostle of rapid transit. The city has come to a standstill. That steady march of progress which has marked New York for a half century has become a halt. Our neighbors over the rivers have rushed far ahead. Worse than all, the reproach has come upon us of being the city without houses for the poor. We make efforts to supply the want by introducing the French apartment system, and in some respects this has been a relief; but very few of us have been to Paris to see how the matter really is, and how comfortable and respectable and proper we may be up three pairs of stairs. The American mind craves its own doorstep, and a taste for houses in slices or layers is like a taste for frogs and horse steaks—good enough for Frenchmen, but not easily acquired in a free Saxon land.

So all this time, and in spite of every obstacle and disheartening failure, the demand for rapid transit has been growing. It has certainly had its seven years of that legislative life which Lord Russell gives to every necessary measure. Upon no question have the people become so earnest as rapid transit. There is no special interest in one plan or another—all that is wanted is something—elevated, underground, surface or arcade; let it take any shape and it will be welcome. With this feeling public opinion has turned with unvarying confidence to Governor Tilden, Mayor Wickham and Mr. Kelly. These men, it says, are the masters of the democratic party, which is now master of the city and State. They have the power to pass any bill for the people's welfare. They have only to agree upon a plan to secure its success. They are above the influence of rings, of railway lobbies, of corrupt combinations. With them will be the honor. If it falls upon them will be the responsibility, and the country will not be easily satisfied with an explanation. The criticism will be that failure came because of the indifference of the Governor and Mayor and the impotency of Mr. Kelly. Mr. Tilden, it will be said, has been too anxious for the Presidency and Mr. Wickham too zealous for the Governorship to permit them to think for a moment of New York. Their ambition has been in other directions and New York has been neglected, as so firm in its democracy that nothing can destroy its allegiance. But if anything could be said as a prophecy, so far as New York is concerned, it is that the party or the men who have the power and fail to give us rapid transit will never again receive the franchise of this metropolis.

THE EAST RIVER CALAMITY.—The utmost care will not always prevent accidents such as that on the East River yesterday, when the City of Hartford ran into a small scow and four of the eight persons on board of the latter were drowned. The facts, as gathered yesterday, of the collision, seem to indicate that the usual care was taken by the captain of the Hartford in approaching the pier, but that the strong current made the boat unmanageable for the time. The result here, however, was appalling, no matter what may have been the cause, and the poor Portuguese sailor who suddenly lost four of his children will receive the general sympathy of the community.

THE NEW POLICE TREASURY.—When Mr. Voorhis urged General W. F. Smith, the new Police Commissioner, to reconsider his refusal to accept the office of Treasurer of the Board, he did well. But his arguments were almost as bad as his object was worthy. The responsibility of the treasuryship ought to be great and the details ought not to be all attended to by subordinates. It is to be hoped that General Smith will retain his own view of the serious details of the office and give to its details the personal attention they demand.

THE HIGH TIDE.—A careful calculation of the exact increase in business and circulation of most of the journals in this city, as recorded in their columns, satisfies us that each of them must print over a million of copies daily and earn an income of two or three millions a year. So far from envying this prosperity we rejoice in it. We have our own consolations. We do not speak of the HERALD, but permit it to speak for itself. Many of our recent issues have been so burdened with advertisements that, although we printed a twenty-page paper, we have found it a task to print all the news. The HERALD of a recent date printed the largest number of advertisements ever published in its columns, and larger than in any newspaper in the country. There were three thousand four hundred distinct advertisements, embracing eighty-four columns, or fourteen pages of our journal. This is the highest point of our spring business tide, and it is curious as showing how a business of this peculiar character and magnitude should respond to unerring laws. It was about this time last year and the year before that we reached our maximum. Thus:—

April 20, 1874—HERALD printed advertisements, 83.  
April 12, 1874—HERALD printed advertisements, 80.  
April 11, 1874—HERALD printed advertisements, 84.  
The last paper here cited shows the following curious classification of advertisements:—

Advertisements.  
Real estate, 170  
Houses, rooms, 101  
Boarding, 101  
Private situations, 101  
Male situations, 101  
For sale, 101  
Business opportunities, 101  
Dry goods and millinery, 101  
Dresses and millinery, 101  
Amusements, 101  
Auctions, 101  
Financial, 101  
Lost and found, 101  
Special notices, 101  
Furniture, 101  
Religious notices, 101  
Lost and found, 101  
Personal, 101  
Steamers, 101  
Yachts, 101  
Lost and found, 101  
Sundry other heads, 101  
Total, 3,400

If this were Christmas advertising, or postal routes, or corporation notices, or patent rat-traps, it could be explained. But it is the advertising of the people. The people crowd into our columns with their business and desires, and the story they tell, or rather their thousands of stories, are as interesting as romances, and many of them, perhaps, romantic enough if the truth would only appear in the cold lines of the advertisement.

As to the advertisements, there is a new canon in journalism, advocated largely by newspapers with space enough for the discussion of the widest themes, to the effect that there should not be advertisements. It is hard for a journal with fourteen pages of advertisements to comprehend this proposition, just as we presume it would be impossible for Mr. Delmonico, when he makes up his *carte du jour*, to understand how the Roman Princess died the other day because she had come to the conclusion that food was unhealthy and would not eat it. In the interest of good feeling and harmony—for with our limited circulation we are naturally open to such considerations—we should be happy to send a page of advertisements to each of our contemporaries that print them. It would be a great accommodation to us. We should much rather print a twenty-page paper with ten pages of advertisements than with fourteen, as was the case on Sunday. This would give us four pages more of room, and if our readers knew the agency of our book critics, our musical and dramatic writers, our statesmen, not to speak of our special corps of Jesuits and Irishmen, who write about the Pope and Fenianism, because they cannot "have anything in the paper," they would understand this feeling. The long columns of eloquence and feeling and truth that are locked up in dusty galleries would then see sunshine. But as it is these columns are only known to our proof-readers, who are consequently the best informed men in the community. We have sometimes thought we would proclaim a HERALD Jubilee and print a special edition containing the standing matter. But here we are met by the difficulty which prevents our sending around a page of advertisements to each of our contemporaries. The people advertise in the HERALD and pay their money for admission, and when they buy the paper they seek the news, and not literature and history.

The Philadelphia Press, in regarding the HERALD as the greatest newspaper in the world, makes some ingenious speculations on the future of journalism. It wonders what we are coming to, with our quintuple and sextuple sheets, and fears that the morning newspaper will become a daily burden and not a daily blessing. Well, it is a problem; but why should it be more so than the Bible or the dictionary? Every man reads his Bible daily, and his dictionary, perhaps, a dozen times a day. But he does not read them through. He looks into them for comfort and information, edification and peace. The true newspaper will have something for every one, and instead of reading it all, the reader will find what he wants and rest with that. The citizen who wants a house, the servant who seeks employment, the friend who has lost a friend, will turn to the advertisements. The merchant who has cargoes on the sea, and the wife whose darling son by elings to the bending yards will look at once to the shipping news, and read in one line their joy or their despair. The politician will see the manoeuvres of their class and read defeat or triumph in the long lines of election returns. The statesman finds information and suggestions—by the cable flash he sees whether there will be peace or war—and the cunning manager who handles gold and stocks on Wall street will see the glimmer of gain or loss in despatches that have only an idle meaning to the outer world. So that the journal of the present and the future will have a voice and a welcome for every one—the day's history told from day to day. In its columns even our contemporaries will learn many things not without interest and advantage. They will see how to gather the news and how to print it; how the expenditure of great sums will bring a sure reward. They will see how it is possible to discuss current events from day to day with manliness, courtesy and frank independence, and, above all, they will learn that New York city is always ready

## The High Tide.

A careful calculation of the exact increase in business and circulation of most of the journals in this city, as recorded in their columns, satisfies us that each of them must print over a million of copies daily and earn an income of two or three millions a year. So far from envying this prosperity we rejoice in it. We have our own consolations. We do not speak of the HERALD, but permit it to speak for itself. Many of our recent issues have been so burdened with advertisements that, although we printed a twenty-page paper, we have found it a task to print all the news. The HERALD of a recent date printed the largest number of advertisements ever published in its columns, and larger than in any newspaper in the country. There were three thousand four hundred distinct advertisements, embracing eighty-four columns, or fourteen pages of our journal. This is the highest point of our spring business tide, and it is curious as showing how a business of this peculiar character and magnitude should respond to unerring laws. It was about this time last year and the year before that we reached our maximum. Thus:—

April 20, 1874—HERALD printed advertisements, 83.  
April 12, 1874—HERALD printed advertisements, 80.  
April 11, 1874—HERALD printed advertisements, 84.  
The last paper here cited shows the following curious classification of advertisements:—

Advertisements.  
Real estate, 170  
Houses, rooms, 101  
Boarding, 101  
Private situations, 101  
Male situations, 101  
For sale, 101  
Business opportunities, 101  
Dry goods and millinery, 101  
Dresses and millinery, 101  
Amusements, 101  
Auctions, 101  
Financial, 101  
Lost and found, 101  
Special notices, 101  
Furniture, 101  
Religious notices, 101  
Lost and found, 101  
Personal, 101  
Steamers, 101  
Yachts, 101  
Lost and found, 101  
Sundry other heads, 101  
Total, 3,400

If this were Christmas advertising, or postal routes, or corporation notices, or patent rat-traps, it could be explained. But it is the advertising of the people. The people crowd into our columns with their business and desires, and the story they tell, or rather their thousands of stories, are as interesting as romances, and many of them, perhaps, romantic enough if the truth would only appear in the cold lines of the advertisement.

As to the advertisements, there is a new canon in journalism, advocated largely by newspapers with space enough for the discussion of the widest themes, to the effect that there should not be advertisements. It is hard for a journal with fourteen pages of advertisements to comprehend this proposition, just as we presume it would be impossible for Mr. Delmonico, when he makes up his *carte du jour*, to understand how the Roman Princess died the other day because she had come to the conclusion that food was unhealthy and would not eat it. In the interest of good feeling and harmony—for with our limited circulation we are naturally open to such considerations—we should be happy to send a page of advertisements to each of our contemporaries that print them. It would be a great accommodation to us. We should much rather print a twenty-page paper with ten pages of advertisements than with fourteen, as was the case on Sunday. This would give us four pages more of room, and if our readers knew the agency of our book critics, our musical and dramatic writers, our statesmen, not to speak of our special corps of Jesuits and Irishmen, who write about the Pope and Fenianism, because they cannot "have anything in the paper," they would understand this feeling. The long columns of eloquence and feeling and truth that are locked up in dusty galleries would then see sunshine. But as it is these columns are only known to our proof-readers, who are consequently the best informed men in the community. We have sometimes thought we would proclaim a HERALD Jubilee and print a special edition containing the standing matter. But here we are met by the difficulty which prevents our sending around a page of advertisements to each of our contemporaries. The people advertise in the HERALD and pay their money for admission, and when they buy the paper they seek the news, and not literature and history.

The Philadelphia Press, in regarding the HERALD as the greatest newspaper in the world, makes some ingenious speculations on the future of journalism. It wonders what we are coming to, with our quintuple and sextuple sheets, and fears that the morning newspaper will become a daily burden and not a daily blessing. Well, it is a problem; but why should it be more so than the Bible or the dictionary? Every man reads his Bible daily, and his dictionary, perhaps, a dozen times a day. But he does not read them through. He looks into them for comfort and information, edification and peace. The true newspaper will have something for every one, and instead of reading it all, the reader will find what he wants and rest with that. The citizen who wants a house, the servant who seeks employment, the friend who has lost a friend, will turn to the advertisements. The merchant who has cargoes on the sea, and the wife whose darling son by elings to the bending yards will look at once to the shipping news, and read in one line their joy or their despair. The politician will see the manoeuvres of their class and read defeat or triumph in the long lines of election returns. The statesman finds information and suggestions—by the cable flash he sees whether there will be peace or war—and the cunning manager who handles gold and stocks on Wall street will see the glimmer of gain or loss in despatches that have only an idle meaning to the outer world. So that the journal of the present and the future will have a voice and a welcome for every one—the day's history told from day to day. In its columns even our contemporaries will learn many things not without interest and advantage. They will see how to gather the news and how to print it; how the expenditure of great sums will bring a sure reward. They will see how it is possible to discuss current events from day to day with manliness, courtesy and frank independence, and, above all, they will learn that New York city is always ready

to honor its representative journal even to the extent of thirty-four hundred of advertisements.

## Is Mecklenburg a Myth?

Some of our Southern contemporaries strangely misconceive the purpose of the HERALD in bringing the genuineness of the Mecklenburg Declaration into the arena of popular discussion. They seem to regard it as an illiberal and invidious attempt to deprive the Southern States of their due credit for the patriotic acts they acted in the Revolution. We are astonished at so unjust and wild an inference. The illustrious services of the South can never be disputed. The author of the national Declaration of Independence was a Southern citizen; the Commander-in-Chief of our armies in that heroic war, the most resplendent name in our history, was also a Southern citizen. Patrick Henry, "the forest born Demosthenes," whose eloquence has never perhaps been equalled in modern times, and who was the first to declare, with the winged words of a soul on fire, "We must fight!" was also a Southerner. The crowning event of the war, the surrender of Cornwallis, took place in a Southern town. The most important battles in the earlier years of the war were fought in the Northern States; but, with the exception of Bunker Hill and Saratoga, those battles were fought on our side by troops under the immediate command of Washington, a Southern general. The series of battles by which the war was brought to its glorious close were fought on Southern soil. These great and conspicuous facts, which can never be disputed or belittled, take out of our hands and out of everybody's hands the question whether the South did its full share of efficient service in "the times which tried men's souls." We are amazed that any Southern journal can suppose the HERALD is disposed to undervalue the services of the South in the Revolution. It is our wish, on the contrary, to make the Centennial Celebration a means of reviving in this section of the country a sense of indebtedness to Southern patriotism and zeal, and to obliterate the recent alienation by a mutual appreciation between the South and the North of the noble deeds performed by each when they struggled together for the independence of the country.

The chief aim of what the HERALD is doing in connection with these centennials is to popularize and stir up a widespread interest in them by discussion fitted to enlist public attention. We had no predilections for either Concord or Lexington in the recent rivalry between those patriotic towns. By making the controversy as lively and instructive as possible we helped both celebrations, and accomplished the more important object of interesting the whole country in that part of our Revolutionary history.

We have no different aim in bringing able writers into the arena on both sides of the long-pending Mecklenburg dispute. The critics in the Southern press who so strangely misunderstand us, ought to admit on reflection that nothing could so advertise and magnify the Mecklenburg Celebration as this discussion which the HERALD has set in motion and which will grow in interest until the occasion is over. Let the controversy be decided as it may it will not affect the credit and patriotism of North Carolina. So far as it is a mere question of date the trifling difference of eleven days does not undermine, does not even touch, the claim of the Mecklenburg patriots to priority. Between May 20 and May 31, 1775, nothing was done elsewhere which can be put in competition with the Mecklenburg manifesto. So far as the question of priority is concerned it is a question between the Mecklenburg Declaration and the Philadelphia Declaration, which did not take place until July 4 in the following year. This trivial matter of eleven days is connected, however, with a point of more interest. It concerns the genuineness of a document; for the Declaration of May 20 is by no means the same as the undisputed resolutions of May 31. If the two documents were identical the controversy would never have excited so much feeling. But even if the one of earlier date be apocryphal the claim of North Carolina will still hold good that it took the first step toward independence. We are not sorry that the discussion excites so much feeling, because the arguments will be examined with more interest than could otherwise attend them.

We publish this morning an interesting letter from Charlotte, describing the preparations for the celebration and setting forth the local view of the controversy.

## Mrs. Tilton's Mysterious Letter.

The Brooklyn trial, in itself a perpetual astonishment, is full of minor surprises, like an old-fashioned pantomime, in which Harlequin jumps through the face of the clock, and the Clown, in close pursuit, is knocked out of time by the hands. We had supposed, after Mr. Everts had declined the offer of Mr. Beach, that Mrs. Tilton, like Lady Teazle's honor, was to be left out of the discussion; but yesterday this lady made her personal appearance in the trial, of which previously she had been merely a spectator. When Mrs. Tilton, rising in court, handed Judge Neilson a communication, with the request that he would read it to the jury or have it published, everybody was astounded with the probable exceptions of the defendant and his counsel. It is unlikely that she took such an important step without first informing those gentlemen. It was an irregular proceeding, and so recognized by Judge Neilson, who desired Mr. Everts to see to the matter. Mr. Everts accepted the responsibility by taking the communication and passing it to the Bench. Mrs. Tilton's action has, therefore, the consent, even if not the approval, of Mr. Beecher's lawyers. The Judge postponed the expected scene, when, after reading the letter, he announced that the matter would have his deliberate consideration.

We pray His Honor not to let the anxious public burst in ignorance because of any "waste of unnecessary time." The time required for deliberate consideration is indefinite. It may be a week or a day, and the public does not want to wait a week. It feels that it has an interest in this letter; for although it is addressed to Judge Neilson Mrs. Tilton's request informs us that it was meant for the jury and the public. If this were only a *litter doux* sent to Judge Neilson by an admirer, Heaven forbid that we should ask to read it. That would be an act of which no gentleman could be guilty. But it

is clearly a Tiltonian encyclical. It is supposed to contain some astounding fact, and while His Honor has the legal right to withhold it altogether if he wishes, he is dramatically bound to give it to the world. His Honor has, probably, in the intervals of legal study, sought mental recreation in reading serial stories, and remembers how, at the end of a chapter, the Indian buried his blood-stained hand among those golden locks, the tomahawk flashed in the air, when, suddenly, the maiden screamed—"To be continued in our next." Let him recall the distress he then felt, and sympathize with that of the public now.

The contents of this mysterious letter can be only conjectured, but as there is always reason to believe that the maiden was not scalped, so we are justified in supposing that Mrs. Tilton declared her willingness to appear as a witness. If this be the case, then her action is intended as a party to the home thrust which Mr. Beach delivered on Friday, when he said that the plaintiff would not object to her appearance on the stand. But the party comes too late, after the man has been run through. It is not the mere readiness of Mrs. Tilton to testify that the public cares for, but the willingness of Mr. Beecher's lawyers to produce her. Mr. Everts has refused to do this because of moral reasons and legal impossibilities, and after that final act a proposition from Mrs. Tilton could have no standing in court. We can well understand the anxiety of the lady to tell her story, and have advocated her right to do so. Out of court this is her privilege, but in court she can only appear as a witness, and, if this letter to the Judge should be an attempt to influence the jury by an *ex parte* statement, we think it will prove to be a grave mistake. If any one of the lawyers for the defendant has approved such an attempt he has wronged his associates by exposing them to unjust suspicion as being in collusion with a trick. The only honorable way in which Mrs. Tilton can become an active party in the trial is by taking an oath as a witness, and, as she is on the side of the defendant, she should not even express her willingness to the Court after the counsel for the defendant have declared that they will not summon her. But it is to be hoped that there is nothing in this mysterious letter that is objectionable. We have not attempted, even, to peep into the envelope, like the postmistress in "Waverley," but have simply commented upon its probable contents, as inferred from the situation and from Mrs. Tilton's remarks to a reporter for the HERALD. The matter may be very safely left to Judge Neilson, who will certainly not read to the jury any proposition or statement of a person disqualified as a witness.

## A Hint to the Park Commissioners.

The metropolis of America has every reason to be proud of Central Park, a delightful resort, in which the closely confined denizens of this great city can always find health and enjoyment. Nature and art combine in making our beautiful Park everything that can be desired, and it only remains for the Commissioners in whose hands it is placed to fulfill all the necessities and wants of their numerous patrons. There is a lake, a very acceptable sheet of water for rowing matches, where the bone and muscle of our athletic oarsmen might be shown to advantage; croquet grounds, from which gentlemen are unjustly excluded; plenty of room for a race track and ample accommodations for walking and running matches, and yet the Park Commissioners make no provisions to encourage such manly exercises. Rowdism, the bugbear that is supposed to be an inevitable appendage to such sports, can very easily be excluded by the perfect discipline and complete arrangements of the Park police. The Park should not be merely a promenade, but the citizens of New York look forward to find its sphere of usefulness extended to its proper limits. The Commissioners should do all in their power to encourage athletic sports, and should not be frightened by the silly idea of possible rowdism when they have such ample police materials at their command.

## PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

Miss Annie Louise Cary has apartments at the Everett House.  
Mrs. Tilton has written another letter—this time to Judge Neilson.  
Mr. James Harlan, of Washington, is staying at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.  
Mr. Galusha A. Crow, of Texas, is residing temporarily at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.  
Mr. J. D. Cameron, of Harrisburg, is among the late arrivals at the Brevoort House.  
Colonel Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, of Baltimore, is sojourning at the New York Hotel.  
Adjutant General Franklin Townsend arrived from Albany last evening at the St. James Hotel.  
Right Rev. William H. Ware, Bishop of Niagara, has taken up his residence at the Coleman House.  
The table on which Pemberton signed the capitulation of Vicksburg is now doing duty in a beer saloon.  
The Richmond Enquirer says some girls would be dear at any price, though they were worth a million.  
General Sheridan is again announced as about to be married; this time to a daughter of General D. H. Tucker.  
It was Mr. Pancks who rode home with Woodhull, and he only did it to avoid boring his friends with a speech.  
When they call Miss Emily Soldene the Amazon in New Orleans, they are comparing her with the river of that name.  
Mr. John M. Wilson, United States Consul at Bremen, is at the St. Nicholas Hotel. He will sail for his post on Saturday next.  
Alexander Winchell, of Syracuse, N. Y., was elected Professor of Natural History in Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., yesterday.  
A Mississippi man puts it thus:—"At the earnest solicitation of those to whom I owe money I have consented to become a candidate for County Treasurer."  
A large piece of ground on No. 111, a native suburb of Yokohama, has been purchased, with the intention of building a mansion for the occasional use of the Emperor of Japan.  
General Hawley studied for the Methodist ministry at Cazenovia, and he is to deliver the orator at the coming celebration of the semi-centennial of the New York Central summary.  
Vice President Wilson returned from Lexington last night and will remain in the city several days. He will probably go from there to Nashville and Memphis before proceeding on his Western tour.  
The Governor General of Canada has postponed his departure from Ottawa until something definite is received about the steamer *Polynesian* and the date fixed for her sailing on her next trip.  
A cable telegram from Belgrade reports, under date of yesterday, the 30 inst., that M. Schenkian, late Russian diplomatic agent in Serbia, who has been appointed Minister at Washington, has left the Danubian territory to travel direct to the American capital.